

## OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS: Poem

### Showing the Dark

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In that school bells rang but these were no signs and symbols.  
Apart from the teacher, they were all quiet.

Dust settled, white but not innocent.  
The board, old fashioned for this state had not the funds, said  
“Quiet time.”

But not a child present cared less.  
They sat, and were chained.  
By the board and her constant refrain and those grades  
As well as their parents’ expectations,  
To this message.

Once or twice, out loud, a dog barked, but outside.  
Put outside.  
The school had no dogs.

Yes, in the sunny air you could see the white chalk dust settle slowly,  
and then again, for it never landed.  
The air was ever full  
of spectacular falling minute particles of dust, lit in the light.

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